

STORIES OF STEWART

Former Nevada Senator's Exciting Adventure With Indians.

HOW HE AWED A BAD MAN.

Experience in a Courtroom With Nevada's Champion Desperado—Examples of His Remarkable Absent-mindedness.

United States Senator William M. Stewart, who recently died in Washington, distinguished himself for his interest in the Indian question, as all the country knows. Among other things he induced the government to establish an Indian school at Carson. If the senator was like ordinary men, he would have rejoiced in the obliteration of the redskins, for it is owing only to his own nerve, mules and the interposition of heaven that he escaped alive some years ago.

In 1890 Stewart was driving his own wagon, heaped with his law library, from Downville to Carson. Four mules were drawing him at the rate of eight miles an hour, and as he sped through the sagebrush and sunshine he dreamed of fees. The future senator rattled down through the Hennessey pass, crossed the Truckee at Hunter's, a few miles west of Reno, and was rolling along toward Steamboat Springs when he noticed an Indian armed with a rifle in the road ahead of him.

News got over the ground slowly in those days, and Stewart had not heard of the uprising of the reds or received tidings of the Ormsby defeat, in which nearly a hundred whites had fallen. So when the Plute in his path raised his hand Stewart pulled up his mules and readily consented to give the savage a ride on the seat beside him. The Indian held his rifle upright before him and talked cheerfully.

The conversation was progressing amicably when another Indian came into view. He was on top of a big rock 200 yards ahead, and he also held a rifle. The two red men exchanged signals, and there was something in their manner of doing it that awoke a feeling of suspicion and uneasiness in Mr. Stewart. There were more signals, and a look at the face of the Plute beside him froze the lawyer's blood, for he saw exultant murder there. The situation broke upon him. The mules were rapidly bringing him near the Indian on the rock, who was evidently getting ready to fire.

Something must be done, and that mighty quick too. Stewart did it. He dropped the reins, in a flash had his arms around his Plute passenger and gave a yell that scared the mules into a mad gallop. Then he held his wriggling prisoner between himself and the enemy on the rock, maintaining that advantage until the mules had run three miles. Again in safety, the problem of what to do with his Indian pressed for solution. A common man would have killed him. But Stewart was an uncommon man and an un-naturally forgiving one. This is what he did: He wrested the rifle away from the savage, smashed its lock on the wheel and tossed it into the sagebrush. Then the big, six foot lawyer took a good, square look at the peripatetic Plute, hauled off and hit him between the eyes. As Stewart gathered up the reins and checked the mules that Indian lay flat on his back in the road insensible, with his nose smashed flat.

"I have never yet seen a desperado or man killer who, if he thought an antagonist were ready for him with weapons equal to his own, would not back out of a fight," remarked Senator Stewart some years ago.

There was Sam Brown, the champion bad man of Nevada in the old days. He was a giant, six feet four inches high and weighed 250 pounds, and as ferocious a looking man as ever mortal eye beheld. Killing was his trade, and one winter in Virginia City he slew sixteen men.

"I had been retained by a client whose interests were opposed to the desperado, and I thought it best on the day of the trial to put a couple of old fashioned Derringers in my overcoat pockets. When I saw him enter the idea came into my mind that he had come to make me his latest victim. His favorite weapon was a big bowie knife, and the knowledge that the villain meant to stab me to death made me feel exceedingly uncomfortable. But I knew it would never do to show the creature that he had me scared, and, looking him squarely in the eye, I brought the pockets of my overcoat around to where he would see the full shape of both my Derringers. My hands were grasping the handles, and I was ready to shoot on the second. These pistols shot with terrific force and would knock down even if they did not kill.

"I saw his eye fall on the weapons. Before this he had been fumbling at

his knife, but immediately he ceased, and presently he walked out of the room. When the business was over I found him in a saloon taking a drink. With a smile intended to be amiable he invited me to join him. A week later he asked me to represent him in a mining suit."

It is asserted by friends of Senator Stewart that if his absence of mind could have been cut into strips and pasted together end to end it would reach twice around the globe and tie in a double bowknot. Out on the slope they used to tell a story of how he was hastening one morning to catch a train when he suddenly stopped and said to his companion: "There, by thunder! I've left my watch under my pillow!"

"Let's go back and get it," said his friend. "Hold on," replied the senator: "I don't believe we'll have time," and he drew the watch from his pocket, looked carefully at the face of it, counted the moments and added, "No, we won't have time," and pressed on toward the station, saying, "Oh, well, I guess I can get along for a day without a watch."

It is also related that Senator Stewart dressed himself at a hotel one morning, putting his vest on wrong side out, and in a few moments presented himself at the office, excitedly rubbing the places where the pockets ought to be and complaining that he had been robbed.

Senator Stewart while traveling in Nevada stood on the platform of the coach and was approached by a conductor.

"Senator," began the employee, touching his cap respectfully, "I dislike to remind you of rule 11, which requires passengers to ride inside the coaches."

"I own this road," replied the senator gruffly. "But even if I didn't own it am I not a privileged passenger by reason of being a prominent politician?"

"I believe that platforms are for politicians to get in on, but not to stand on," replied the conductor.

The senator stepped through the door at once.

LUNDIN FOR OLD AGE PENSION

Chicagoan Urges Government to Study Systems in Old World.

Representative Fred Lundin of Chicago has introduced in the house a resolution calling upon the speaker to appoint a select committee of seven members to investigate the various systems of old age insurance, old age pension and annuities now in operation in different nations of the world with a view to determining the practicability of establishing some such system in the United States.

Mr. Lundin believes that by some arrangement of insurance, pensioning or annuities provision should be made during youth and middle age for the infirmities of old age.

"Experience has demonstrated," he said the other day, "that there are feasible methods. The need of some such system is greater in the United States, where the people are improvident, than in Europe, where through postal savings banks and other government encouragement the people have acquired the habit of saving and are not spendthrifts."

Mr. Lundin's resolution has been referred to the committee on rules, of which Mr. Cannon is chairman, and he is hopeful of securing a favorable report.

WAGER ON HIS OATS LAND.

Wyoming Farmer Bets \$10,000 He Can Beat Any Canada Farm.

The national corn exposition officers in Omaha were recently notified by Colonel E. J. Bell of Laramie, Wyo., that he had made a wager with western Canadian farmers that his Wyoming farm would produce more oats per acre than any land in western Canada.

The wager is for \$10,000 cash, and the national corn exposition officials will judge the crops. Colonel Bell has for years made a specialty of oats. At the head of the Canadians, who are backing Alberta, is Professor W. H. Fairchild of Lethbridge, Alberta.

The contest, according to Colonel Bell's offer, is open to the entire world and is not limited to Canada alone.

Free Candy For Women on Trains.

The Monon railroad—Chicago, Louisville and New Albany—as an additional attraction to travelers has announced that hereafter in its dining car service a box of candy will be given to each woman. The action may serve to offset the attractions of the Pennsylvania road, which serves tea to its Pullman passengers.

For a burn or scald apply Chamberlain's Salve. It will allay the pain almost instantly and quickly heal the injured parts. For sale by Titusville Pharmacy.

For any pain from top to toe, from any cause, apply Dr. Thomas' Electric oil. Pain can't stay where it is used.

THE YOUNG TURK LEADERS.

Enver Bey One of the Notable Figures of the Turkish Revolution.

Chettik Pasha, who is in command of the army of the constitution in Turkey, is not so conspicuous as his young lieutenants, Majors Niaz Bey and Enver Bey, who were the brains of the revolution at Saloniki last July which gave Turkey the constitution they are now fighting to maintain.

Enver Bey showed by his generalship at Saloniki that he was marked for a career of future distinction. A former graduate of the Pancaldi Staff college, he has always been known as a zealous staff officer, his professional zeal being the cause of his denunciation by the sultan's spies. Of good family and high character, cultured, refined and a very hard worker, he has always been popular with his military comrades.

At the time of the rising of the mutineers, April 13, he was in Berlin to negotiate for the purchase of arms. He at once departed for Saloniki, by way of Vienna, accompanied by Hakki Bey, the Turkish military attaché in Vienna, who is also a major on the general staff. He has been spoken of in the highest terms by the late minister of war, Ali Riza Pasha, although he had not hesitated to criticize the latter for employing Saloniki officers in Constantinople on personal political business. At Saloniki Enver Bey was the life and spirit of the committee on union and progress, although the political work that he was obliged to do there was distasteful to him. He is essentially an organizer.

Major Niaz, who commanded the van of the army which entered Pera the other morning, is a man of a different class to Enver Bey, being of peasant birth and indifferently educated. He is a regimental officer, his education not qualifying him for staff employment. His comrades describe him as a good practical soldier, but his past career has not been blameless, for he is known to have been oppressive in carrying out orders when in command of parties of soldiers sent into villages to recover arms and punish disorder. Still, at Monastir last summer he acted with courage and decision at a time when his fellow officers hesitated to throw in their lot with the Constitutionalists.

COLLIER'S DAILY SHAVE.

How the Publisher Once Remonstrated With His Private Barber.

Peter Fenelon Collier, the well known publisher, fox hunter and society man, who recently died in New York city, was one of the early bird men of affairs who took a pride in being at his desk promptly at 8 o'clock every morning. In order to do this he postponed until later in the day a trifling matter that most men attend to before they reach their offices—his daily shave. This was bestowed upon him by a barber whom he had employed for years and whom he considered the best. There were a barber's chair and an outfit in a little office built on the roof of Mr. Collier's publishing house. This place he called the eagle's nest. Few besides his barber and stenographer ever reached him there, except by telephone.

"Sandy," said Mr. Collier to the barber one morning. "I am a patient man. I have endured this for a long time, Sandy, but now I am resolved to speak to you. I don't object to the nip of Scotch whisky you take every morning before coming to me, if you feel you must have it, but I do object to the confounded peppermint lozenge you take in order to disguise it."

MEMORIAL TO ROOSEVELT.

Stained Glass Window to Be Put in a New York City Church.

As a tribute to the administration of Theodore Roosevelt as president of the United States there is to be placed in the Metropolitan temple in New York a stained glass window representing the subject "Equal Justice to All." Its dedication, according to a program laid out by Rev. Dr. James Wesley Hill, pastor of the temple, will take place from May 23 to 30.

The window is to fill a circular opening in the front of the church. In the foreground of a woodland scene stands a white robed figure holding a flaming torch emblematic of Truth in the one hand, in the other a standard on which are painted the scales of Justice. Beneath is this inscription:

In memory of the administration of Theodore Roosevelt, Sept. 14, 1901—March 4, 1909.

It is known as the Faville glass window, and the materials used were made especially for it. Dr. Hill expects to have many notable statesmen and churchmen take part in the dedication.

Bad Attack of Dysentery Cured

"An honored citizen of this town was suffering from a severe attack of dysentery. He told a friend if he could obtain a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, he felt confident of being cured, he having used this remedy in the west. He was told that I kept it in stock and lost no time in obtaining it, and was promptly cured," says M. J. Leach, druggist, of Wolcott, Vt. For sale by Titusville Pharmacy.

LAST OF MONITOR'S CREW.

Passing of Captain Anderson, Who Served in Merrimac Fight.

Captain Hans Anderson, who recently died at his home in Brooklyn, was the last surviving member of the crew that manned the Monitor when the Yankee "cheesebox on a raft" checked the destructive career of the dread Confederate Ironclad Merrimac in Hampton Roads. He ended his days clinging to a belief that the famous naval hope of the Confederacy could have been either captured or sunk if her Union foe had followed up the assault.

Telling his story of the memorable battle, Captain Anderson, who was shotman of one of the Monitor's guns, said that he was standing near Captain John Lorimer Worden, the commander, when the latter was blinded by dust and particles of iron which struck him as the Monitor was hit by the Merrimac. Captain Worden started to go up on the turret.

"I knew he would certainly be shot there," Captain Anderson would say. "so I caught him by the coat and pulled him back. 'You are my commander, captain,' I said to him, 'but I cannot let you go up there.' He smiled and yielded. A man named Peterson was shotman of the other gun. He suggested that we double shot the guns, and we did so. As the Merrimac tried to run over us we fired, and the double shot struck her squarely in the side. Disabled, she hauled away and made slowly over to Sewell's point. If Lieutenant Greene, who took command when Captain Worden was forced to retire, had permitted it we would have followed and, I believe, captured the rebel vessel."

Captain Anderson said that he and others of the crew were so confident that the Merrimac could be taken that they talked of disobeying the orders of Lieutenant Greene, but yielded to the appeals of the chief engineer, Anderson and the other members of the Monitor's crew received votes of thanks from congress.

Captain Anderson was born in Gothenburg, Sweden, eighty-five years ago.

SUNDAY BASEBALL ADVOCATE

Dr. Scudder Thinks It Would Help Solve the Boy Problem.

Dr. Myron T. Scudder, principal of the Rutgers preparatory school at New Brunswick, N. J., made many of his hearers uneasy when he advocated Sunday baseball for boys in an address on "The Boy Problem" before the teachers of Plainfield and North Plainfield at Plainfield, N. J., the other day.

"Religion is the most important concern of life," said Dr. Scudder, "but I believe that some of the Sunday school methods of today cannot hold the interest of the boy. I come from a family of ministers for a hundred years back, but if I could stop Sunday baseball by a wave of the hand I don't believe I'd wave my hand. The boys of the town should be organized into baseball teams, in charge of grownups, and should be allowed and encouraged to play on Sundays. At the Yale divinity school the students are urged to go out each Sunday and if not play ball with the boys to at least umpire their games."

AS IN THE DAYS OF '49.

How a Young Missouri Farmer Moved His Property.

In the days of '49 our forefathers sometimes invested their last dollar in a team and a prairie schooner. A generation or two has not made a great deal of difference in that spirit of adventure. The prairie schooners are lighter because the roads are better and the dangers of traveling are less. But there are still plenty of farmer boys—and city men, too—who will put their last dollar into a prairie schooner.

That is what W. J. Abel, a young farmer from near St. Joseph, Mo., did recently. He couldn't afford the expense of shipping his horses and wagon and chickens and cow to Marvin, Mo., so he put a canvas and oilcloth cover on the wagon, furnished it with hay and boxes of breakfast food and an airtight stove. Then he nailed some chicken coops on the bottom of the tailboard for his twenty-five chickens. They furnish him with eggs every day. All that was left to do after that was to tie his cow to the wagon, hitch his horses and say "giddap."

New Market For Our Tobacco.

It is anticipated that the anti-opium crusade in China will be the means of opening up a new market for American tobacco.

Boys Will be Boys

And are always getting scratches, cuts, sprains, bruises, bumps, burns or scalds. Don't neglect such things—they may result serious if you do. Apply Ballard's Snow Liniment according to directions right away and it will relieve the pain and heal the trouble. Price 25c., 50c. and \$1.00. Sold by all druggists.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Do You Get Up With a Lame Back?

Kidney Trouble Makes You Miserable.

Almost everyone knows of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, because of its remarkable health restoring properties. Swamp-Root fulfills almost every wish in overcoming rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often through the day, and to get up many times during the night.

Swamp-Root is not recommended for everything but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble, it will be found just the remedy you need. It has been thoroughly tested in private practice, and has proved so successful that a special arrangement has been made by which all readers of this paper, who have not already tried it, may have a sample bottle sent free by mail, also a book telling more about Swamp-Root, and how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Home of Swamp-Root, Binghamton, N. Y. The regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles are sold by all druggists. Don't make any mistake but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

Messages to Mars. O eminent Harvard professor Whose specialty lies in the stars, We hope you will soon be possessor Of messages mirrored from Mars! If so and your code scientific The Martians may answer with ease, Just ask them to furnish specific Replies to such questions as these:

Can their leading ball team beat Brush's? (Oh, surely they're playing baseball!) Do airships go far in their rushes? (Provided they've airships at all.) Could ever their champion fistic Cause Mr. J. Jeffries to quit? And what are the figures statistic Of murders their autos commit?

Next ask if a transatlantic tariff Is fixed by congressional powers So trusts may be faster by far (If they've trusts and a congress like ours). Has Mars such a thing as a lobby, The interests' plans to promote? Is social reforming a hobby? And, say, have their women a vote?

O master of things astronomical, We beg you to hasten the day When we'll know if we are atomic Compared with our friends faraway! We're anxious to learn in this city If Martian inhabitants Be as moral, as learned, as pretty, As good and as noble as we. —John O'Keefe in New York World.

Pa's Baseball Moods. When the home team wins Pa grins and grins And warbles a little song And says: "Well, well, It's a cinch to tell Who'll nail the flag to the mast this year! Of the final outcome I have no fear. Though they once in awhile go wrong!" And he'll stand around in the kitchen with ma And josh her a little and say: "I saw A gown in a window downtown today That'll look pretty dandy on you. And, say, Your hat, I guess, Wouldn't match the dress, So you'd better order some new headgear. You've only had two so far this year." And then he'll kiss her again and say, "You just ought to see them home boys play!" And ma she's wise, for she says real sweet, "I know they're a team that can't be beat."

When the home boys lose Pa gets the blues And grumbles around all day And says, says he, "You take it from me, If any one tells you those mutts can play, You tell 'em they're off their base!" And then he'll go out with a scowling face To ma and say: "There ain't no sense In running this ranch at such great expense! I can't quite see, For the life of me, Where all the money I give you goes! You spend altogether too much on clothes. I work mighty hard for the coin I get, And you can't blow it all in, you bet!" But ma says nothing for quite awhile, And then she gives a sarcastic smile And says: "Take your hoop and roll it away."

I reckon the home team lost today! —C. P. McDonald in Chicago Tribune.

Doan's Regulax cure constipation without griping, nausea, nor any weakening effects. Ask your druggist for them. 25 cents per box.

McCALL PATTERNS 10 AND 15 MORE HIGHER

McCALL'S MAGAZINE 50¢ A YEAR INCLUDING A FREE PATTERN

McCALL'S PATTERNS Celebrated for style, perfect fit, simplicity and reliability nearly 40 years. Sold in nearly every city and town in the United States and Canada, or by mail direct. More sold than any other make. Send for free catalogue.

McCALL'S MAGAZINE More subscribers than any other fashion magazine—million a month. Invaluable. Latest styles, patterns, dressmaking, millinery, plain sewing, fancy needlework, hairdressing, etiquette, good stories, etc. Only 50 cents a year (worth double), including a free pattern. Subscribe today, or send for sample copy.

WONDERFUL INDUCEMENTS to Agents. Postal brings premium catalogue and new cash price offers. Address THE McCALL CO., 232 to 240 W. 37th St., NEW YORK